

LOVE IS now





# Love Is Now

*The Moods of Love Today*

Centuries pass. Love's flame burns always. Through the ages poets have written to capture love, and thinkers have struggled to define it. Words and images may change. The subject itself—love in all its moods—remains the same. Love is always now.

Here is a beautiful book that tells what it is like to be in love. The writings and photographs of *Love Is Now* recreate the experience of love in the twentieth century. The speakers aren't all alive today. But their words are. Here are the faces of love as they appear amid the situations of a modern age.

What is love today? It is "a wordless state" made of dreams and hopes and memories. Love is a lamp in darkness, and sometimes it is darkness itself. It is a door that at once admits and closes out uncertainty. Love is the touch of a

(Continued on back flap)

Aug 1973

My Roy

The lovely thoughts this  
book conveys, embraces  
my most tender thoughts  
of you

Loving you Always Donna



# Love

*The Mood*

Centuries p  
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Love Is Now






# Love Is Now

*The Moods of Love Today*

*Edited by James Morgan*

*Designed by Harv Gariety*

 HALLMARK CROWN EDITIONS



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Love Is Now



*You've been there, you remember:*

That special place where once —  
Just once — in your crowded sunlit lifetime,  
You hid away in shadows from the  
tyranny of time.

That spot beside the clover  
Where someone's hand held your hand,  
And love was sweeter than the berries,  
Or the honey,  
Or the stinging taste of mint. . . .

*Tom Jones from The Fantasticks*



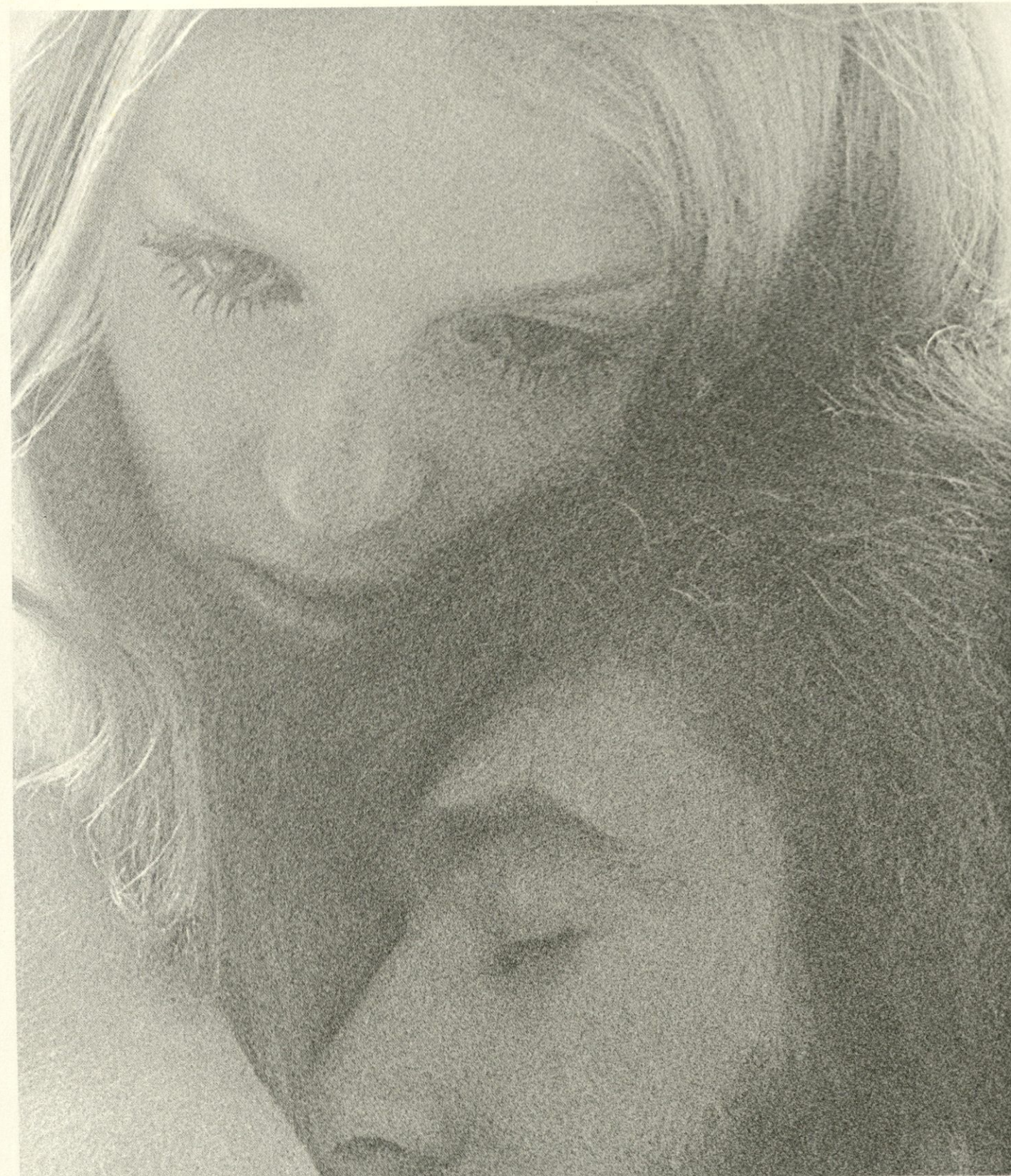




It doesn't matter who you love or how you love,

but that you love.

*Rod McKuen*







Sweep the house clean,  
hang fresh curtains  
in the windows,  
put on a new dress  
and come with me!

The elm is scattering  
its little loaves  
of sweet smells  
from a white sky!

Who shall hear of us  
in the time to come?  
Let him say there was  
a burst of fragrance  
from black branches.

*William Carlos Williams*





The first kiss — it is the union of two fragrant flowers; and the mingling  
of their fragrance toward the creation of a third soul.

*Kahlil Gibran*





Please

Do you think of me

as often as I think



of you?

*Richard Brautigan*







I loved you, loved you, with your unseen eyes  
Sweet to my lips in nearness of night,  
Sweet to my fingers that were trembling light  
Upon your face to prove my true surmise  
Of eyes that opened, witnessing with mine.  
There had been no sign at all nor ray of sight,  
But only love to prompt my guess aright. . .  
Then dawn revealed you slowly line by line.

At first I held away your dreaming face  
From my face. Till the dark blue light was keen,  
Still, still I held it—though my passion beat  
For it. And then all heaven on that place  
Came down, since nothing ever to be seen  
Again could hide your eyes, so wild, so sweet!

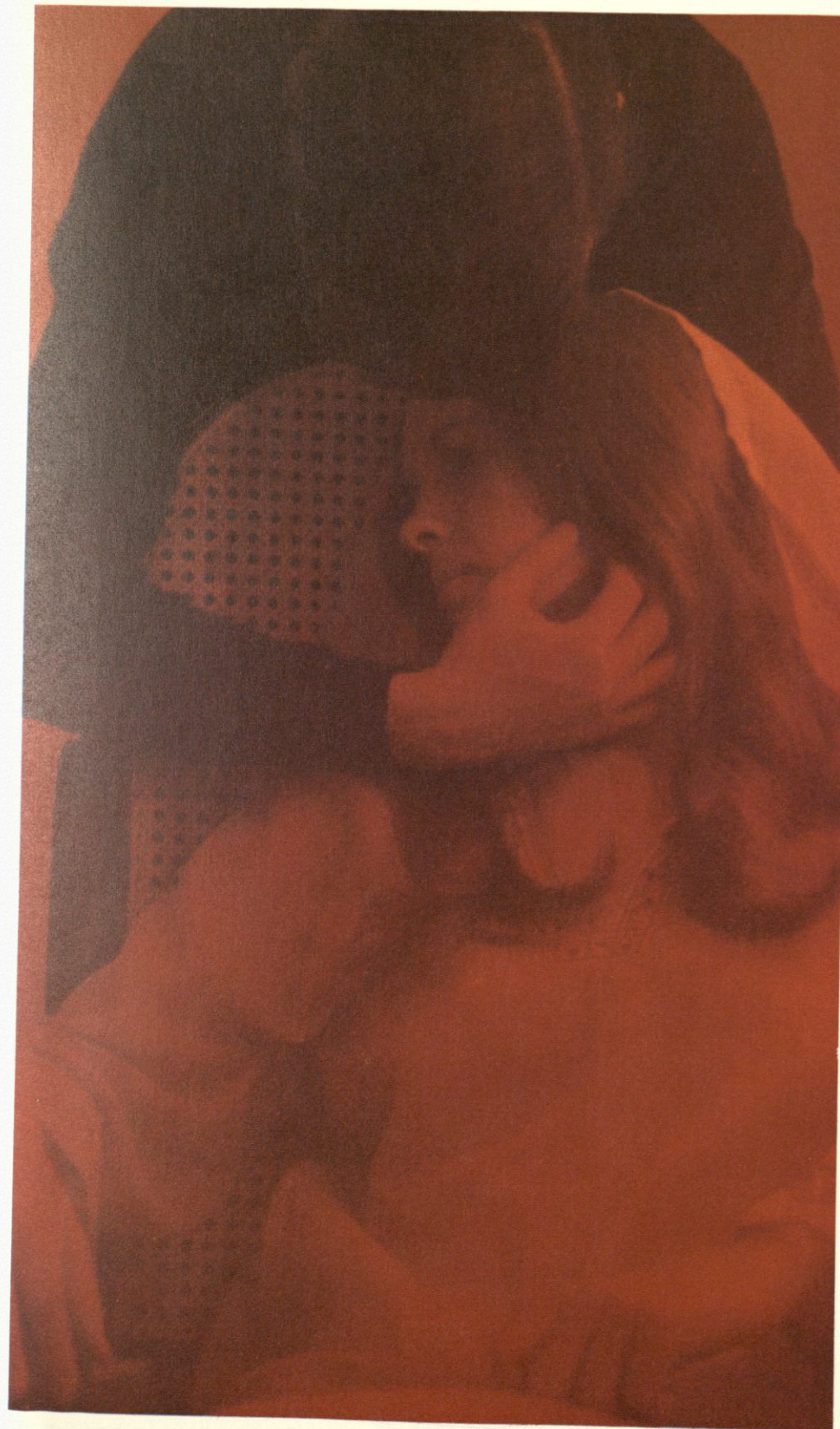
*Witter Bynner*



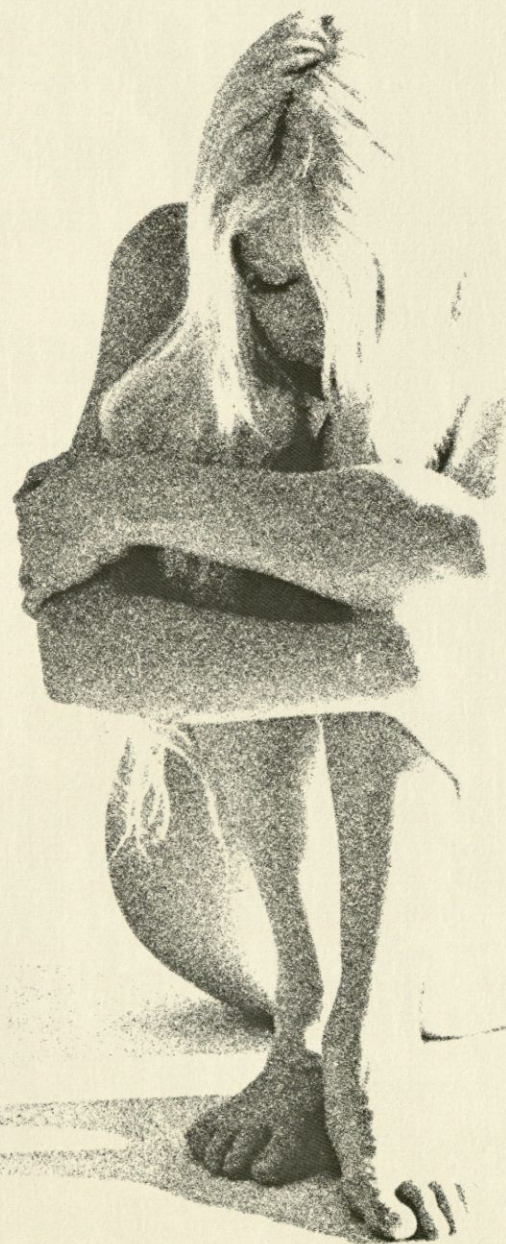


He came into my life as the warm wind of spring  
had awakened flowers, as the April showers awaken  
the earth. My love for him was an unchanging love,  
high and deep, free and faithful, strong as death . . . .

*Anna Chennault*







I have so little art.  
Words leap from me with incoherent eagerness,  
Or stumble out, stammering and vague;  
Even my dumb tears gesture without eloquence.

I am so poor in gifts.  
I have so few light-hearted hours,  
So little fantasy to lead you on strange quests,  
So little beauty to refresh your eye.

But I am great in this:  
For you I hold infinities of love.  
For you I am  
The tender fortress of content,  
The radiant harbor of desire.

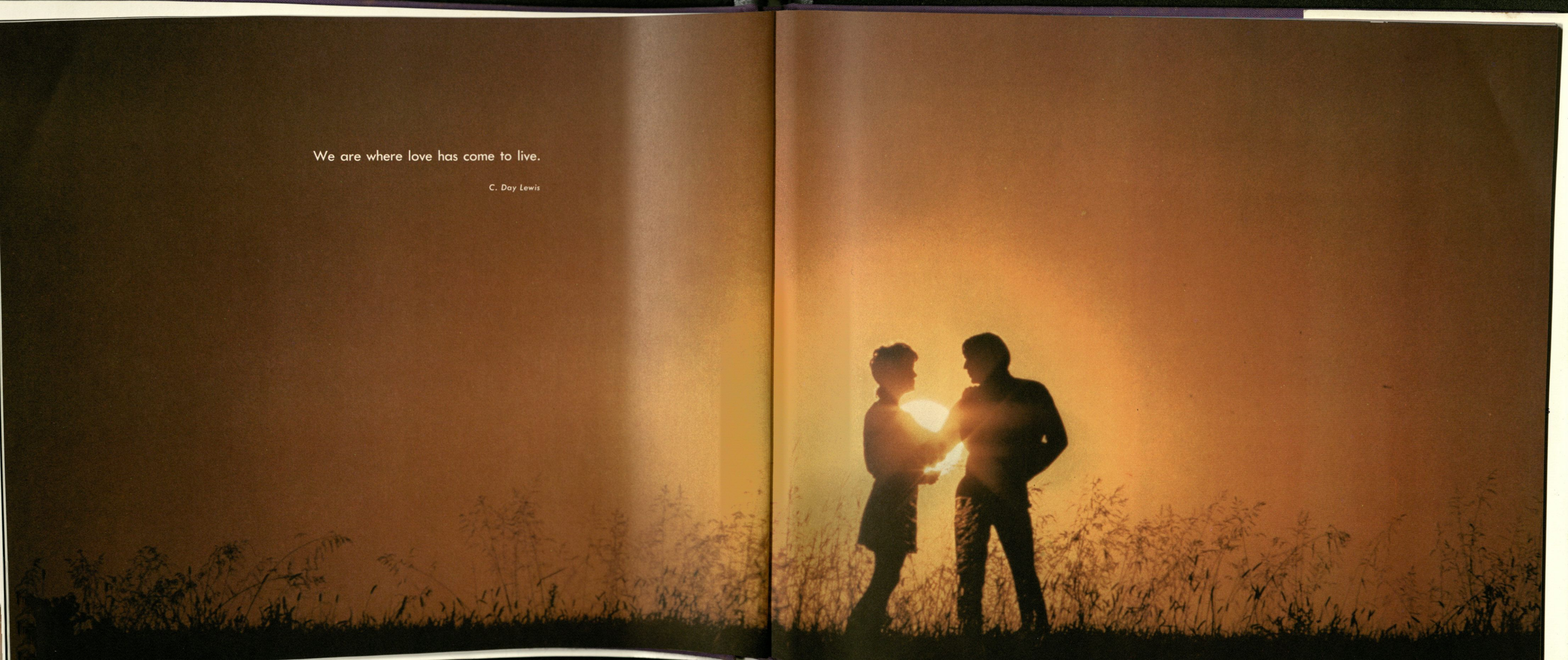
*Jean Starr Untermeyer*





We are where love has come to live.

*C. Day Lewis*





They are in the time of life... when each touch, each look,  
each sigh arises from the heart, the heart alone.... For them  
love is without thought, as to draw breath, to sleep, to walk.

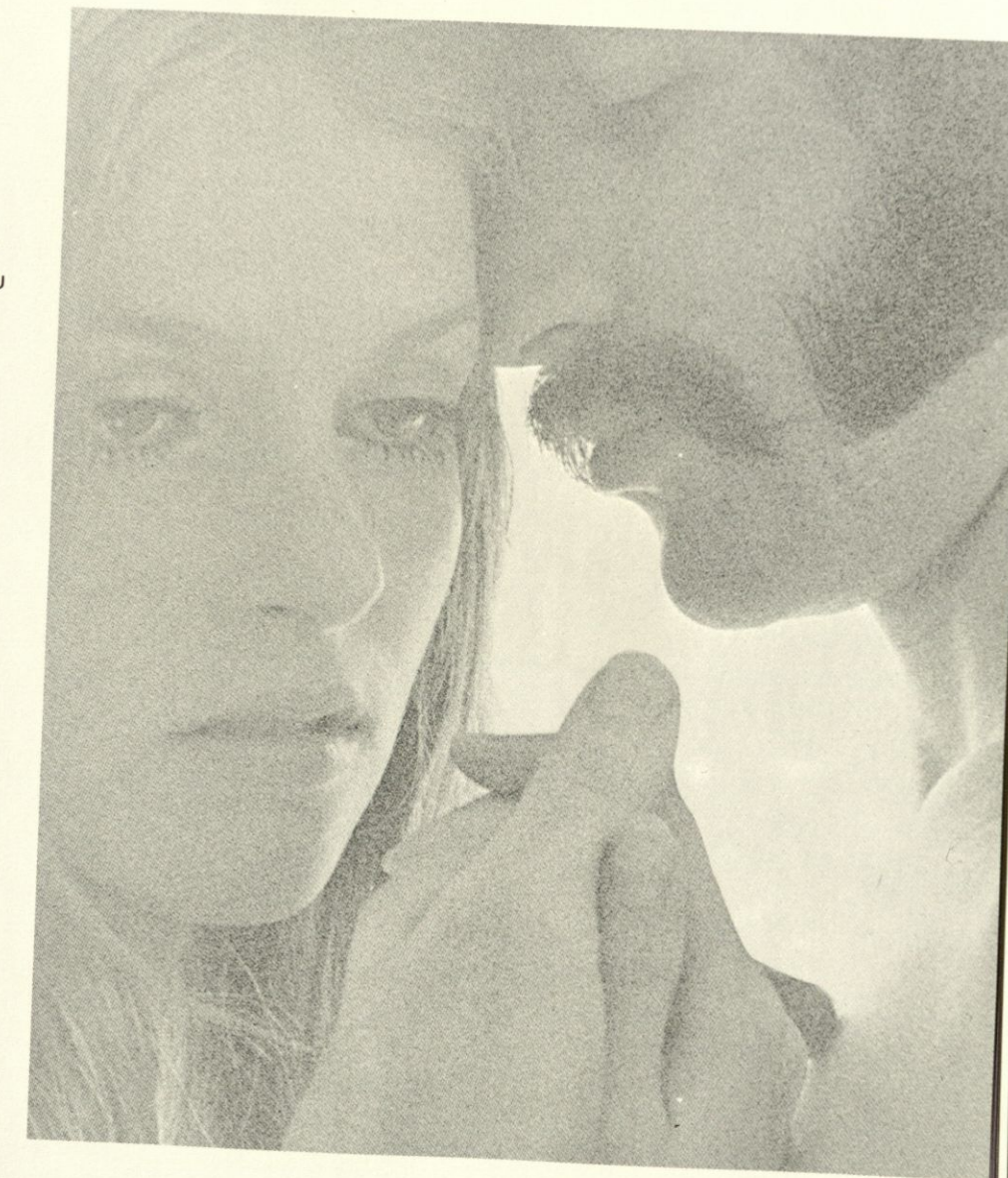
*Elizabeth Spencer*



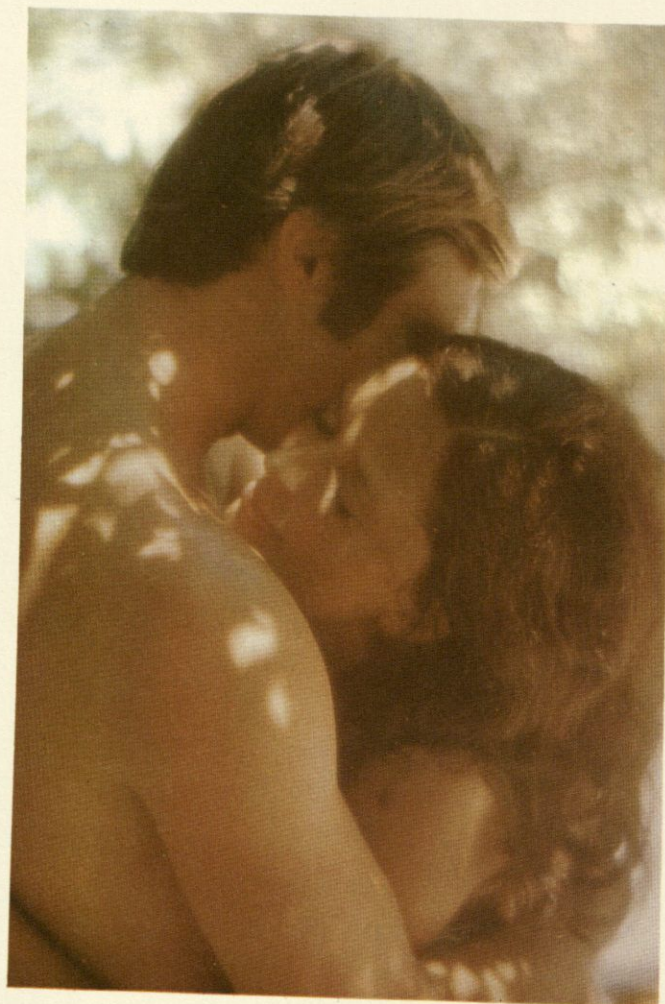
Here  
hold my hand  
let me touch you  
there is  
nothing  
we can  
say... your  
soul  
eludes me  
when I reach  
out  
your eyes  
resent  
my need to know  
you

here  
hold my hand  
since  
there is nothing  
we can  
say

*Mari Evans*







We feel love as we feel the warmth of our blood, we breathe love as we breathe the air, we hold it in ourselves as we hold our thoughts. Nothing more exists for us. Love is not a word; it is a wordless state indicated by four letters.

*Guy de Maupassant*



us





I'll let you be in my dream  
if I can be in yours.

*Bob Dylan*







I'm alone now . . . But I can touch your perfect body with my mind.

*Larry Bowser*







in love  
 we are drawn in a long curve  
 like the rising of light  
 across the photographed globe

in love  
 we taste other mouths  
 indifferent

original  
 in every earthly touch  
 in love we repeat motions  
 we repeat love  
 we repeat our rising of love  
 like the fierce scanning of light  
 across the moving earth

*Joyce Carol Oates*





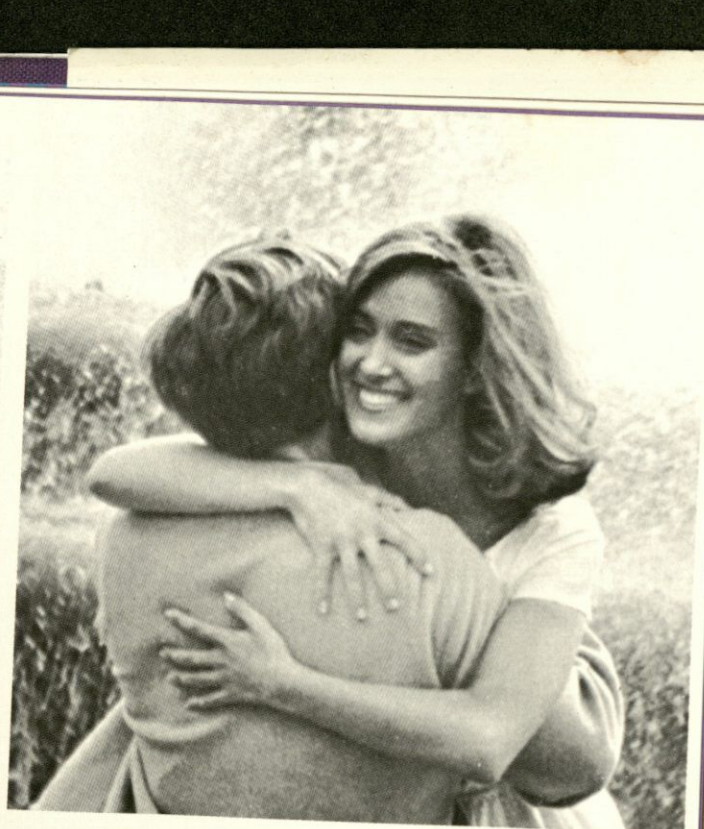
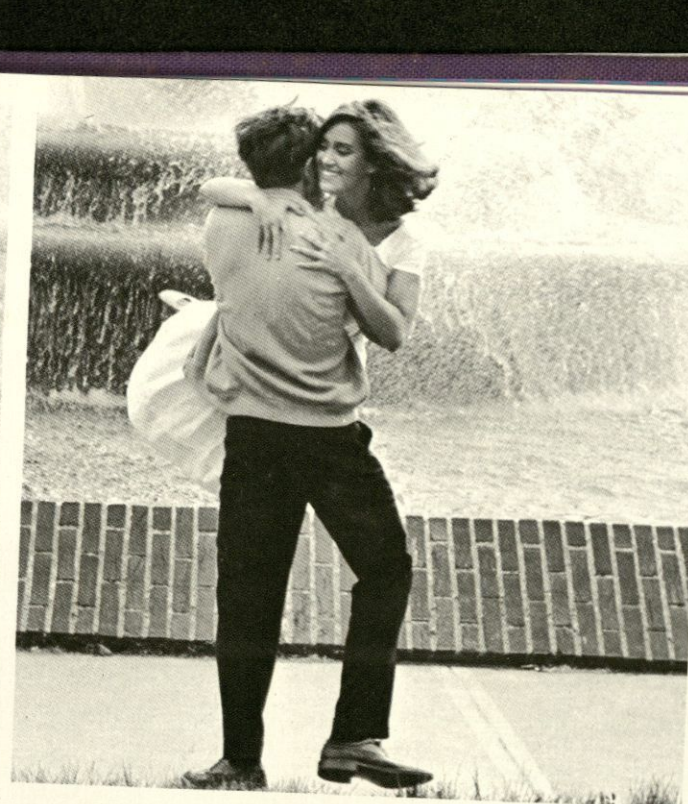
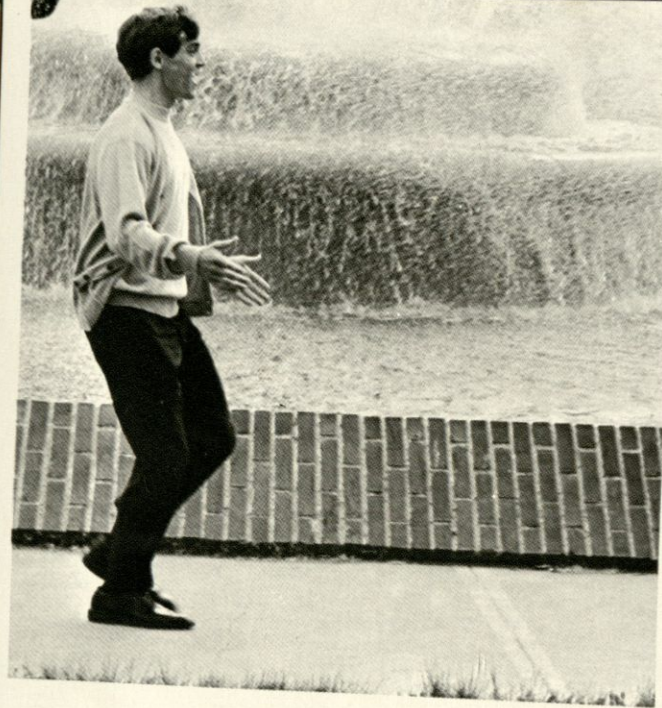


How could you expect me  
to live without you?

One cannot become accustomed  
to the loss of happiness.

*Gustave Flaubert*





Then wear the gold hat, if that will move her;

If you can bounce high, bounce for her too,

Till she cry "Lover, gold-hatted, high-bouncing lover,

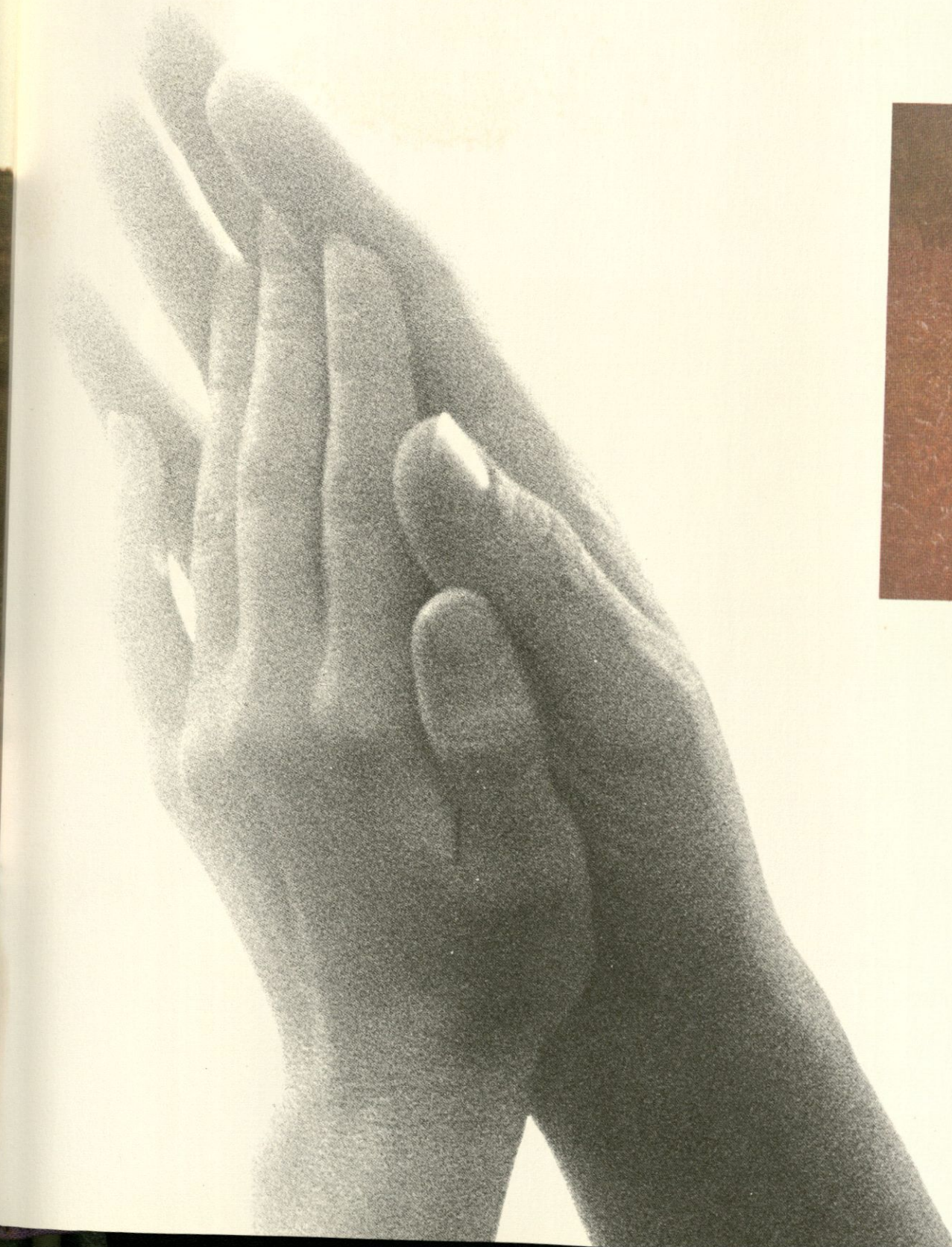
I must have you!"

*F. Scott Fitzgerald*



Love. The feeling is too big for the word.

*Elizabeth Page*



The sun is up,  
the sky is blue.  
It's beautiful  
and so are you.

*John Lennon/Paul McCartney*





## I'll Think of You

*by Naomi Sheldon*



If I'm ever wondering what is love, I'll think of how much I think of you.

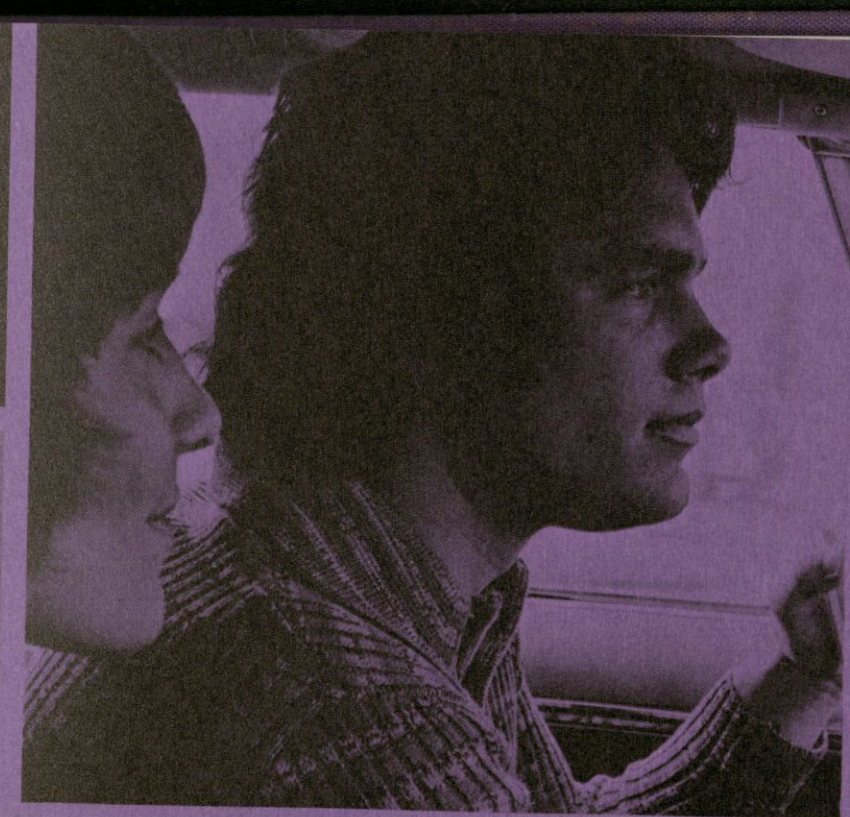
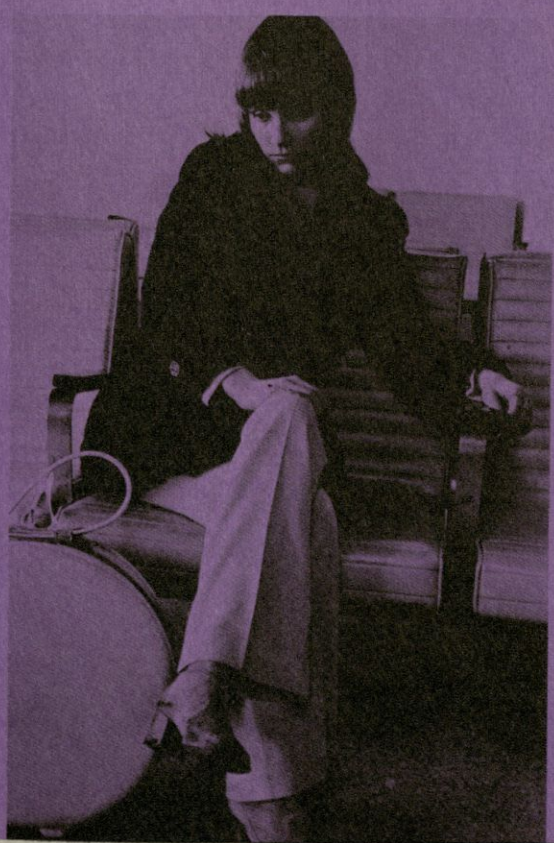
And if I'm ever afraid that I love too much, too soon, I'll think of you then, too, though I don't think it could happen quite like that again.

I'll remember the night I first saw you when you had to leave with the girl but came back to say How Can I Reach You.

I'll think of you on long airplane trips to sad places, and to happy places — and when I see mountains, and when the air smells of spruce.

If anyone ever brings me a book of poetry, I'll think of you because you did.

And if I ever ride a bike on a dirt road, up and down hills in the rain, I'll think of you — riding with one hand, a bottle of wine in the other.



When I'm aching from the inability to communicate, I'll think of you and how much we cared and how deeply we felt all those times when we seemed to be strangers.

If I send or receive a telegram, I'll think of you because when I tapped a message on your knee, though neither of us knew the code, you knew it said I love you.

And when it's late and I'm alone and about to get some fruit or tea, I'll think of the night I was hungry and went for some berries and the phone rang before I could wash them. It was you, and after we hung up, I put the berries back and went to sleep, warm and full.

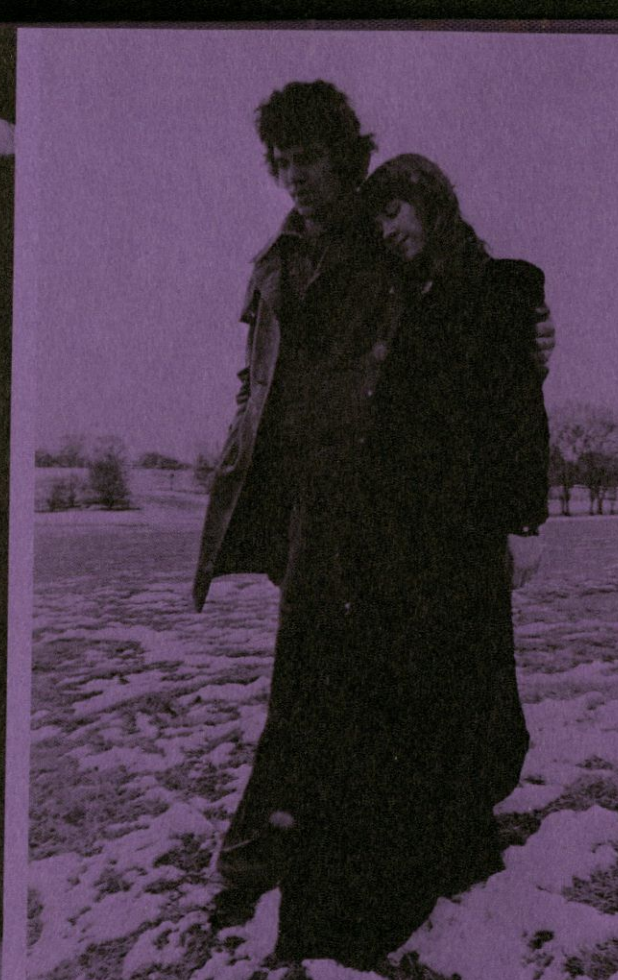
I'll remember your saying that you wanted to love and be loved but that you were afraid. Your voice was lower and more tired than usual. I don't think I said a word.



If ever I'm frustrated by bickering, I'll think of when I trembled for us after our first argument and you said it was all right, that we had to experience it in order to get out of it. And we promised to talk if it happened again, if we were sad or afraid. To talk and feel instead of trying to hide from it and ending up fighting—longing for love, for understanding, and fearing the longing.

And if I ever feel bad about talking too much, I'll remember that you don't mind, that you understand. When I need to talk, you talk as much as I by listening.

When I walk up long narrow stairways, I'll think of you walking ahead of me with your arm behind your back, your hand holding mine, leading me to your home.



When I'm warm I'll think of you.

And when it's cold, I'll think of you.

When I'm feeling frightened, I'll remember your saying Me Too.

If I'm ever sad because I'm not loved, I'll think of you that night at the concert saying you were afraid to love me because it would be so much.

And when I think of how huge the world is, I'll think of you and know that I exist.

Now when I play my guitar in the morning, I'll think of you asleep and smiling.

When I drink Sangria I'll think of you.

When I drink orange juice I'll think of you, toasting To Us at breakfast, our arms entwined.



I'll think of you when I'm leaving and  
have to think of what to say, if  
something must be said, so as not to  
say Goodbye.

When I have a birthday, I'll think of  
you. And when I'm on a picnic.

And if I ever feel that bodies are  
awkward and distant, I'll remember  
how ours aren't. How with us, touching  
is no different from smiling.

Whenever I feel alone and scared, I'll  
remember how you in your sleep once  
sensed my fear, my inanimate trembling  
and sorrow, and you reached for me and  
held me, still asleep.

When I hear the word *Baby*, sometimes  
so misused, I'll remember how you  
brought me to your chest, your arms  
around me, your hand on my head, and  
you called me Baby. It was the warmest  
thing I had ever heard.



I'll remember that you kissed me  
goodnight on my lips gently as falling  
asleep. I had wondered if you liked me,  
and found out that you loved me.

And when I'm wondering if I'm really  
alone, I'll remember that finally I can  
be with you and not have to touch you  
to know you are there.

When I'm wondering what I am, I'll  
remember the night, lying beside you, I  
asked you if you thought I was strange,  
and you said no, I wasn't, that I wasn't  
at all, and if you touched me then, it  
was gentle, and I believed you.

When I wake up in the morning and  
don't remember the night or my dreams,  
but just feel warm and peaceful and  
deep, I'll think of you.



And if I ever think love is futile, I'll  
think of you and know that love is all  
that matters. Futility is only a guess, a  
despair, but love is everything and  
worth all the risks.



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What our love has done for us  
I cannot even begin to speak  
Without trembling.  
You and I have left a fading world  
Smog-crushed, power-crowded, dust-spun . . .  
You and I have left this kind of world  
For an infinite one:  
Spinning our circles of earth and moon into galaxies  
And hurling our lives into light years of reveries.  
I have only begun to envision our possible place:  
A someday miracle of eternal time and space.  
Though it begins with such immediate smiles: your eyes  
A leaf, your lips on my cheek . . .  
Its promise is so boundless, love  
I dare not speak.

*Marilyn McMeen Miller*



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My lover, make me wholly yours  
in all the ways there are,  
so a sweet bondage more endures  
than either lock or bar;

So that I never leave your breast  
to dream of other things,  
but find in you my end-of-quest,  
my comfort... and my wings.

*Florence Jacobs*



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Love Is.

*Gertrude Stein*





I can't remember the date  
or what you wore  
or what the weather was like  
on the day we met.  
I only remember  
that you said hello  
in a voice that sounded  
like love.

Dean Walley



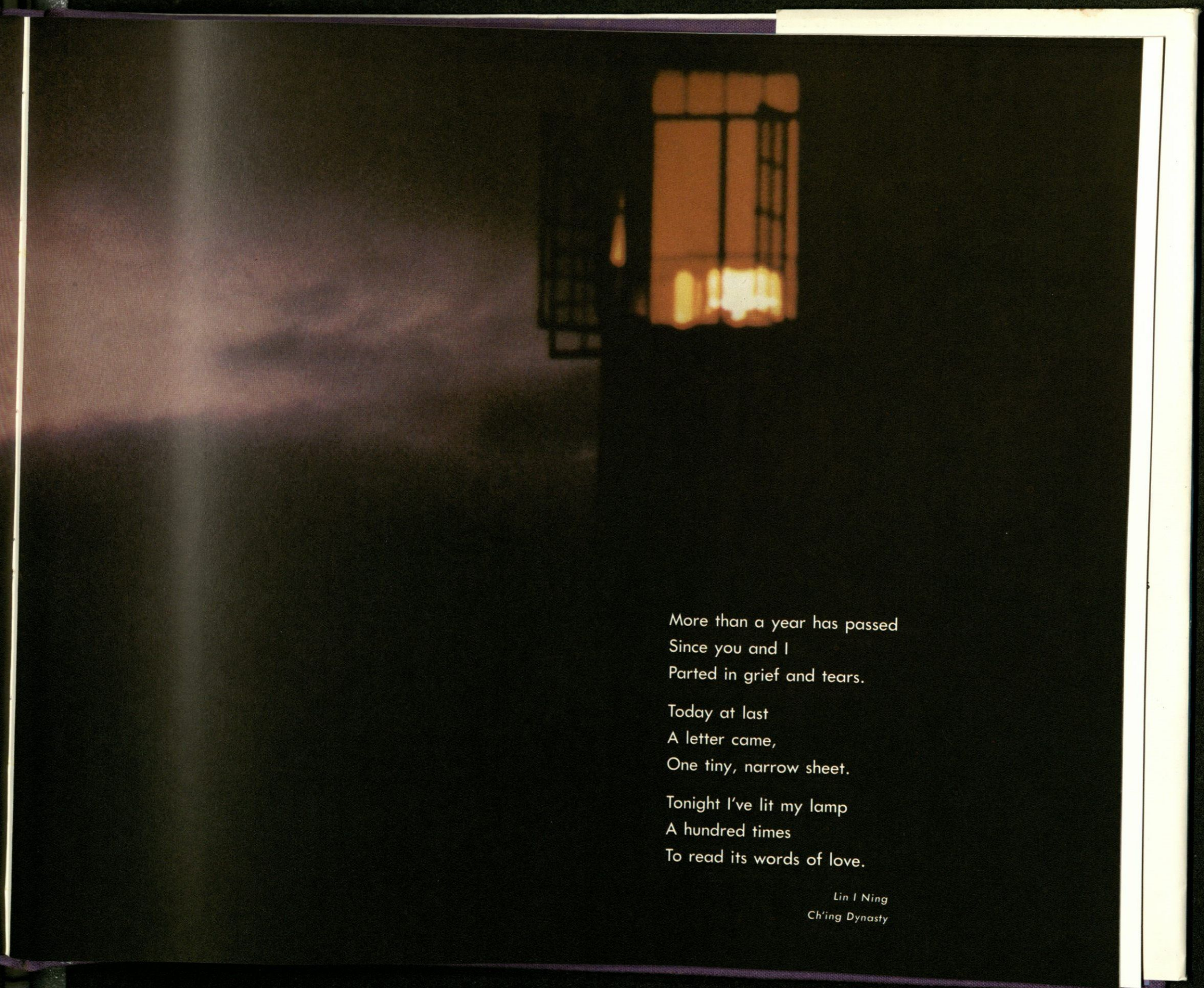
We go out together into the staring  
town  
And buy cheese and bread  
and little jugs with flowered labels  
Everywhere is a tent for us to put on  
our whirling show  
A great deal has been said of the  
handless serpents  
Which war has set loose in the gay milk  
of our heads  
But because you braid your hair  
and taste like honey of heaven  
We go together into town  
and buy wine and yellow candles  
O this is celebration enough  
for twenty worlds!

Kenneth Patchen









More than a year has passed  
Since you and I  
Parted in grief and tears.

Today at last  
A letter came,  
One tiny, narrow sheet.

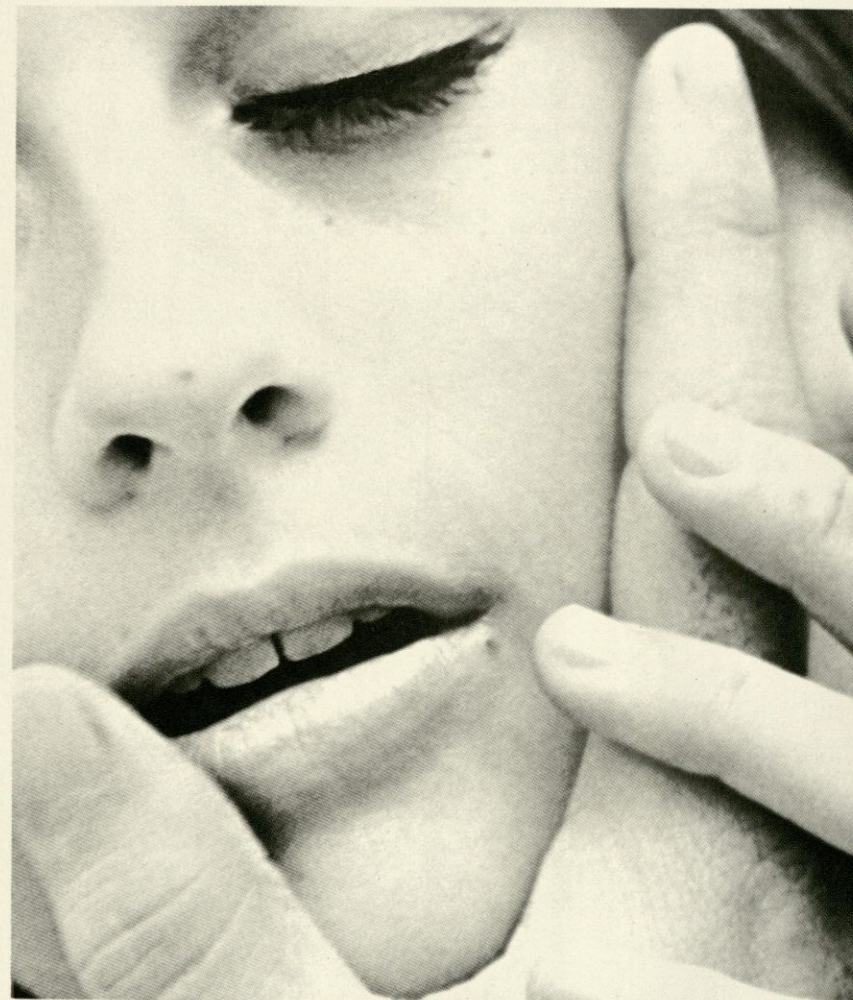
Tonight I've lit my lamp  
A hundred times  
To read its words of love.

*Lin I Ning*  
*Ch'ing Dynasty*



There is a touch of two hands that foils all dictionaries.

*Carl Sandburg*







And this is love: two souls  
That freely meet, and have  
No need of proving anything.

*Paula Reingold*

I do my thing,  
And you do your thing.  
I am not in this world  
To live up to your expectations,  
And you are not in this world  
To live up to mine.

You are you.  
And I am I

And if by chance we find each other

It's beautiful

If not,  
It can't be helped.

*Fritz Perls*







True love has a  
language all its own.  
It whispers to us  
with eyes and lips and hands.  
It speaks to us  
with silence.

*Julia Summers*







And the flowers that we planted  
In the seasons past will bloom  
On the day you return.

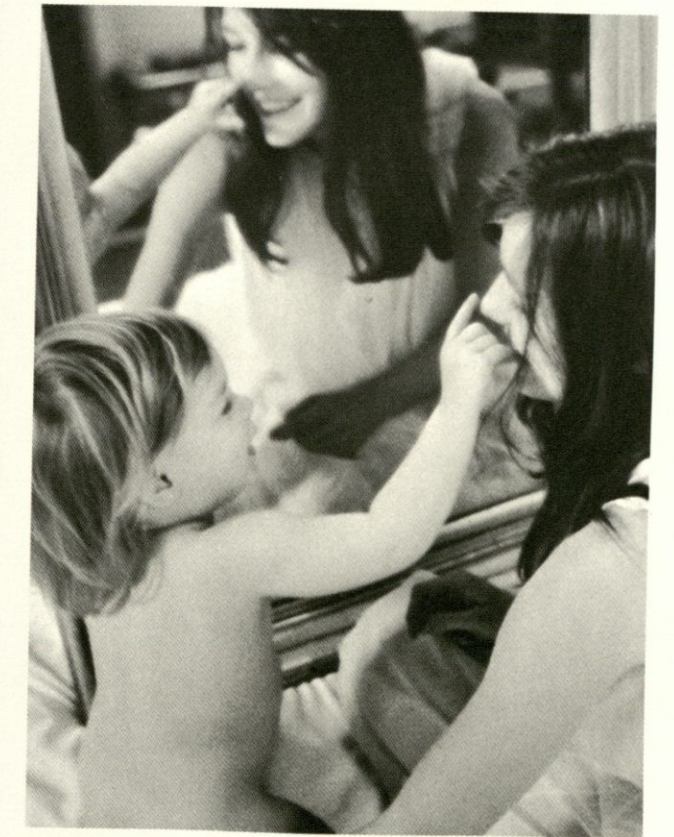
*Joan Baez*





O love, my world is you!

*Christina Rossetti*







Oh, what a love it was, utterly free, unique, like nothing else on earth! Their thoughts were like other people's songs. . . . They loved each other because everything around them willed it, the trees and the clouds and the sky over their heads and the earth under their feet. . . .

Never, never, even in their moments of richest and wildest happiness, were they unaware of a sublime joy in the total design of the universe, a feeling that they themselves were a part of that whole, an element in the beauty of the cosmos.

*Boris Pasternak  
from Doctor Zhivago*







Everything  
is easy,  
'cause of you.

*Graham Nash*





Everything  
is easy,  
'cause of you.

Graham Nash



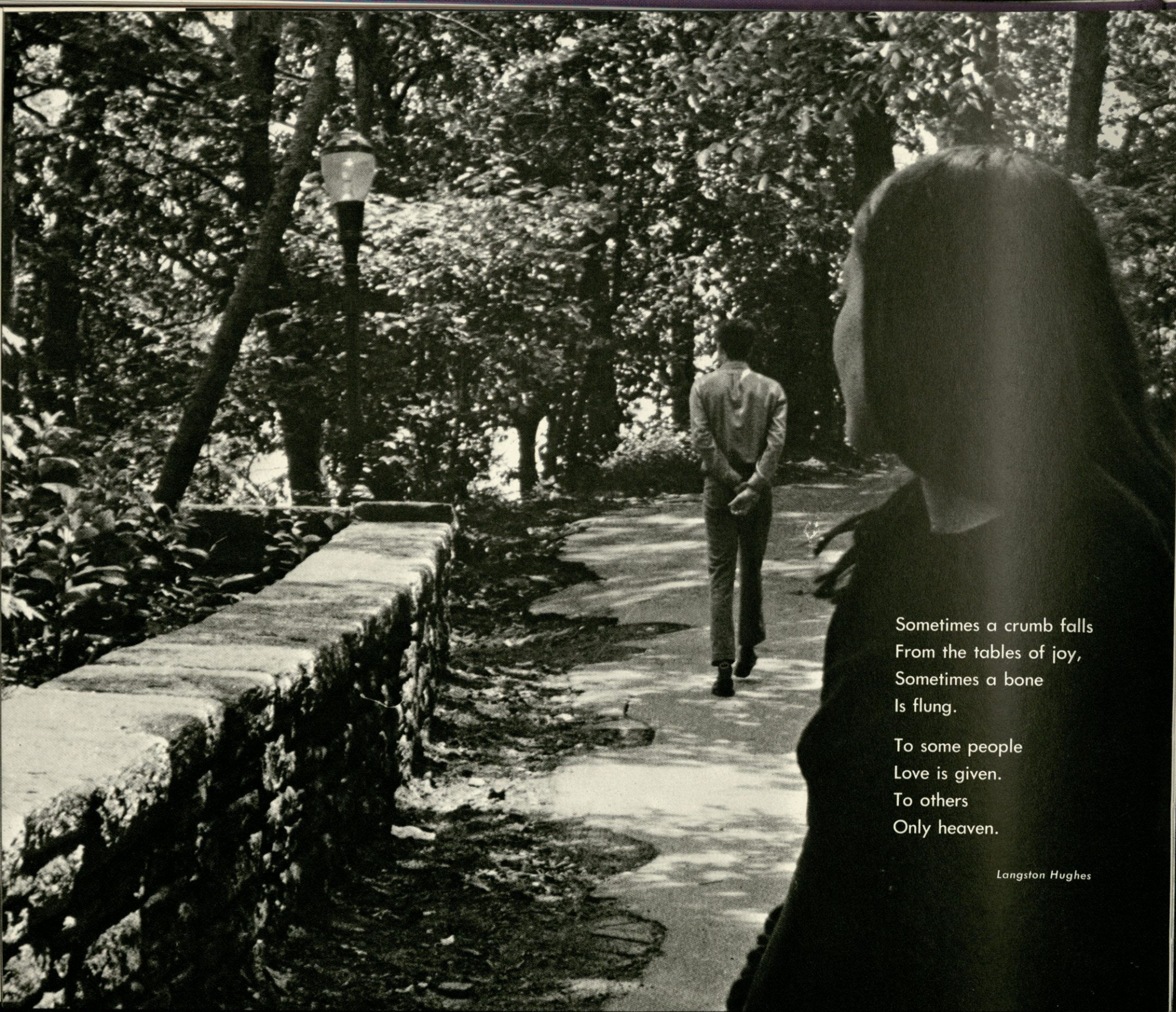


Falling in love appeared to me to be a special gift; I accepted the capability as I might have accepted a sense of smell suddenly heightened so that objects ordinarily scentless—hummingbirds, stones, ladybugs, clouds, tree bark, dust—became overpoweringly fragrant.

*Jessamyn West*







Sometimes a crumb falls  
From the tables of joy,  
Sometimes a bone  
Is flung.

To some people  
Love is given.  
To others  
Only heaven.

*Langston Hughes*







When you came, you were like red wine and honey,  
And the taste of you burnt my mouth with its sweetness.  
Now you are like morning bread,  
Smooth and pleasant.  
I hardly taste you at all, for I know your savor;  
But I am completely nourished.

*Amy Lowell*





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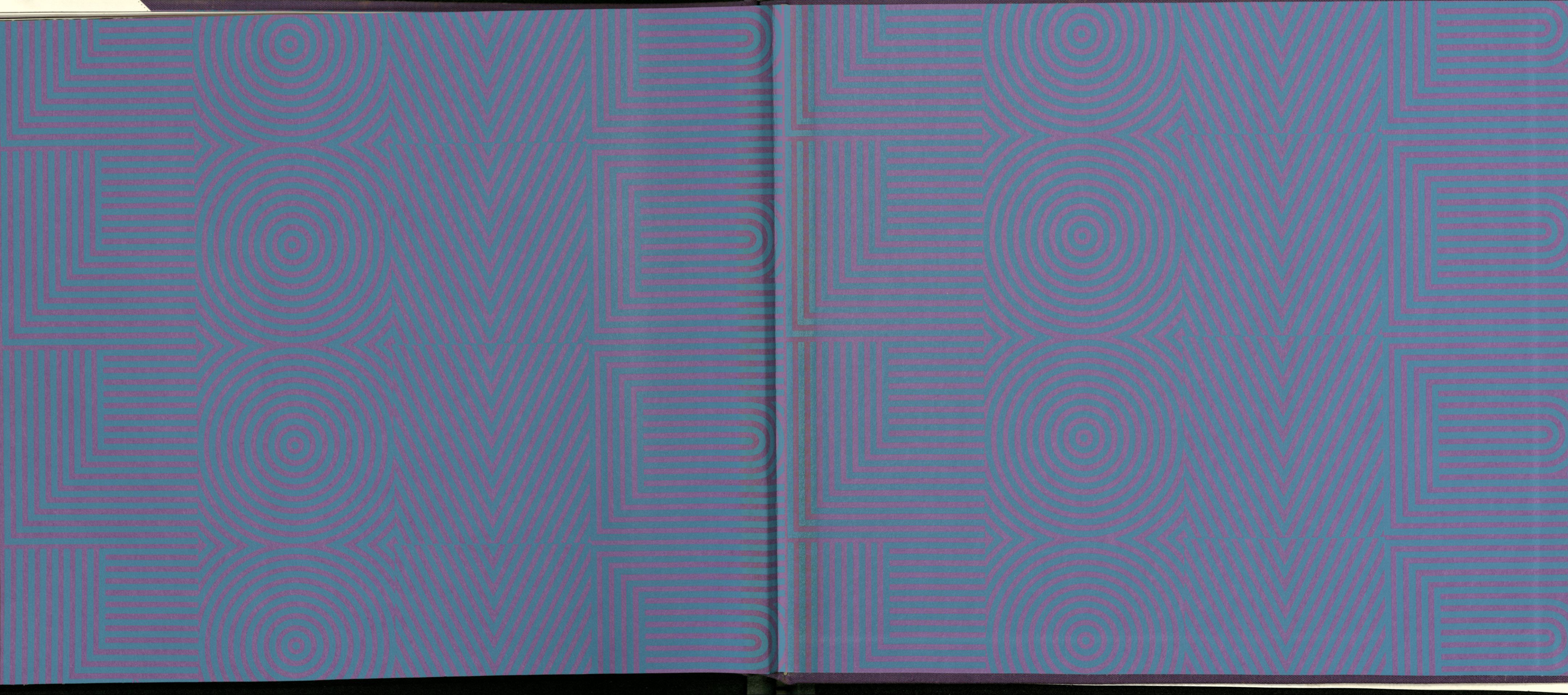
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hand and the meeting of eyes.  
Love is whatever lovers and their  
world make it. And it's all-important.  
As Langston Hughes says, "To some  
people/ Love is given./ To others/  
Only heaven."

This delightful, moving book  
about love is written by such people  
as William Carlos Williams, Bob  
Dylan, Amy Lowell, Rod McKuen,  
Richard Brautigan, and many more.  
They tell us about love's moods in  
writings as immediate and spontaneous  
as love itself.

*Love Is Now* strikes a twentieth-  
century chord, but its song is  
timeless. It is a book for lovers  
of all ages.







LOVE IS





now





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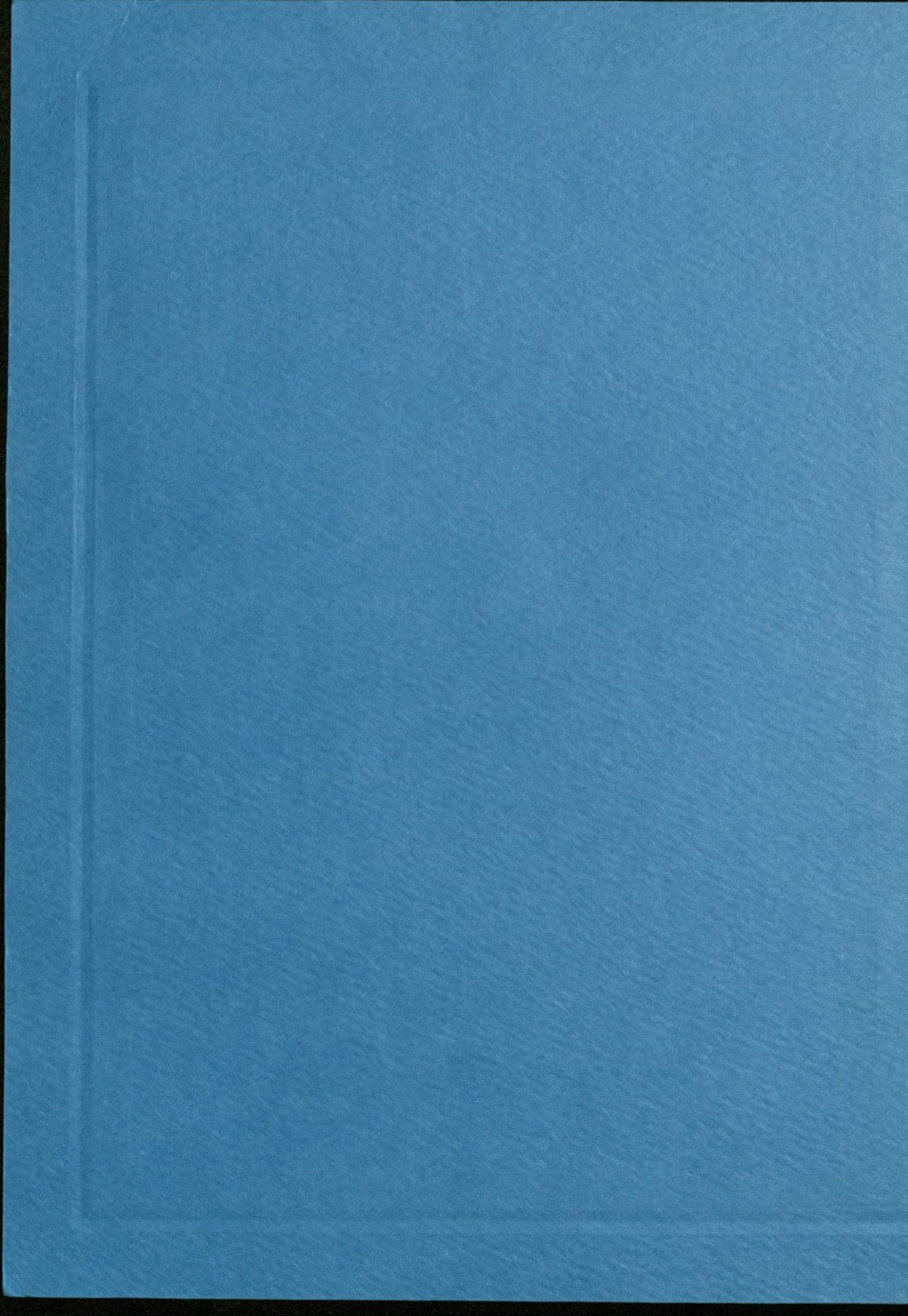
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You are the reason  
that every season  
is a lovely time of year.

\*

My dear Roy

May our love be always strong  
and brave and forever sweet

Danna

"And think not you can direct the course  
love, for love, if it finds you worthy, directs  
your course."

GIBRAN



You are the reason  
that every season  
is a lovely time of year.

\*

My dear Roy

May our love be always strong  
and brave and forever sweet

Donna

"And think not you can direct the course of  
love, for love, if it finds you worthy, directs  
your course."

GIBRAN



